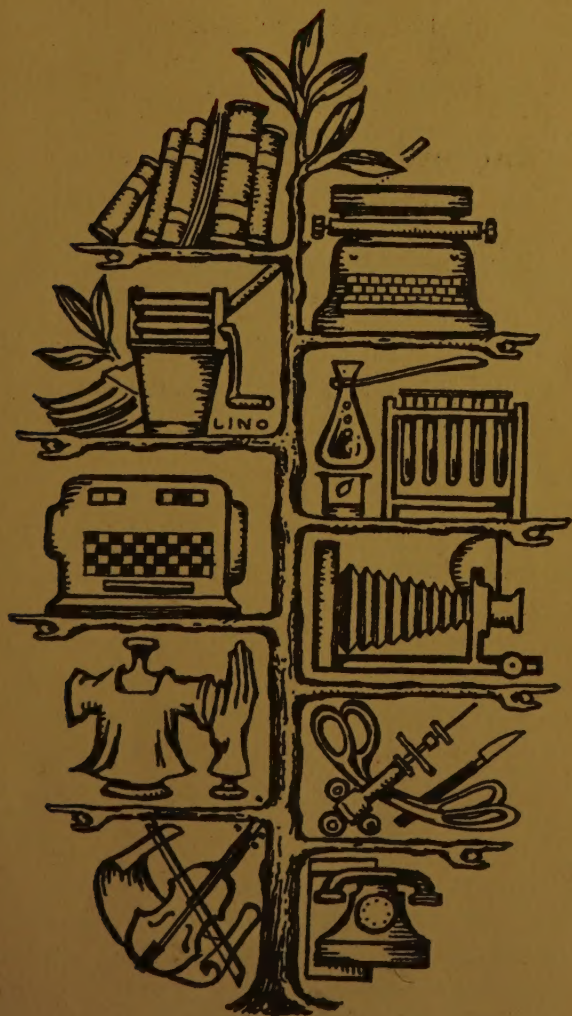


# INTEGRITY



*Vocational Guidance*

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## *Editorial*

VOCATIONAL guidance in an age of hydrogen bombs should, we would think, assume a different character from what it would be in a more peaceful age. Yet there are many people who choose (or are guided into) occupations for personal profit without taking thought of any of the desperate needs of the world. Needless to say, one is not suggesting that terrified over what is to come they stop dead or refuse to plan for a fruitful life. But a healthy fear can be the impetus to heroism as well as the beginning of wisdom. And young people should be given a picture of the needs of our time in order to be stimulated to take their part in filling them. Their work—which should be a contribution to the common good, a service of justice and charity that they render—can have everlasting results even if the world they work in should cease.

While vocational guidance in the more limited sense of counselling and aptitude testing can be extremely helpful, it is nevertheless that a child is inevitably "vocationally guided" by all the experiences of his home and school life. What is terribly bad is if he is given the idea that worth-while occupations are limited in number. Nowhere is G.K. Chesterton's saying, "One thing is necessary—everything," more applicable than in considering the work that can and should be done. There are a million things needed for the common good; there is a full play for major and minor talents. In fact, it is quite obvious that while considered in isolation one work (for instance, medicine), is higher than another (for instance, ditch-digging) they are both indispensable. It is not only snobbery but also a lack of common sense to fail to realize that for the good of society the so-called "drudgery" jobs are as honorable as they are essential.

\* \* \*

We want to thank our readers for their generous response to our Catholic Press Month letter. We were glad to get the gift subscriptions and new bulk orders, and we should like to remind those who have not as yet responded that we'll be happy to hear from them. We should be especially interested in having this issue on vocational guidance circulated among young people and college students, and we shall give a discount on quantity orders.



# Parents and Vocational Guidance

by MARION MITCHELL STANCIOFF

*"Confronted with the multitudinous variety of the universe, it is only human to shrink from choosing." Mrs. Stancioff discusses the parents' responsibility in the child's choice.*

Most of us know well enough that a vocation is a calling, but are unaware that a *classic* is one who is called. To be a classic is to belong to a selected number, a class worthy to be summoned by name from among the unnumbered multitude. Being called was anciently regarded with a kind of awe. Recently it has been more fashionable to profess, and a calling is now seldom heard of save in strictly ecclesiastical connection. Vocation or profession, to be called or to speak up, to choose or to be chosen. Between these—as between all words—there is a significant difference.

In the romantic period—but very lately ended—man desired to stand alone; it seemed more in keeping with the captaincy of his soul to profess than to listen for a call. But now the wind has veered again, and man though he is not docile is neither any longer proud; he has become a wavering, uncertain thing plunged to the scalp in anxiety and fractioned by inward disunion. And so, for novel reasons, most of us would really wish to be called by name in the night like Samuel and told what we should do.

However it does not often happen. Usually we try a dozen different things before we find satisfying work in life. Still more often, after hesitating and shifting and worrying for years we end up by doing something we feel is little good to others and even less to us. With the best will in the world we are pulled hither and thither by our tastes and interests, our appetites and curiosities, our

ignorance of ourselves and of others, of the nature of work. At first in middle age we drag our disillusioned selves from memories of the vocational pillars of fire embraced in our youth and hitch ourselves to the dulllest of posts. Since we know that to keep alive is a duty—as well as a pleasure—we justify the job which irks us by invoking the need to eat. Common sense, like Hegel, always tries to justify necessity. And Christian acceptance, like a good gardener, always tries to make something grow even in rocky soil.

**Burying our talents.** But in spite of common sense and resignation there nevertheless remains at the bottom of our hearts a sorrowful sense of waste. This may be because we overestimate our unused abilities, in which case our sense of waste is spurious. Or it may be that our talents are of a high order and in that case we are failing to obey God's explicit order to make them fructify. We feel cheated because we are cheating. We must hope we are not silly enough to mistake a ten dollar bill for a thousand, yet, were it only a one dollar bill we received, even the smallest gift from God carries with it the obligation to bear increase. The steward in the parable who used his master's money well and the one who buried it in the ground had no instructions as to what they were to do. They were expected to work that out for themselves. And when the first was rewarded and the other was reprov'd they were told: "You knew you served a hard master." In this business there is no booklet of instructions and those who are specifically led, like Samuel and Joan of Arc, are very few.

We know we serve a hard master (although those who serve without any reserve find their task grow strangely light). So we must look quickly and see whether we have buried the talents we were given and if so, whether at this late hour we can still dig them





up and make them pay the dividends this hard Boss of ours is going to ask for on the day that's drawing near.

That however is matter for another inquiry. Now it is enough if we try to discover what parents can do to make children and adolescents aware of their endowments, whether the family can foster the development and the right use of this natural capital and further how much the chance of success and failure in practical life should influence the choice of work. These are questions parents ask themselves hundreds of times during the years of their children's growth, and the answers, which vary with each child are difficult to find.

**Children must learn to dream.** It is often hard to tell what a child does well by nature. Whether he ought to be a doctor or a deepsea diver. And even if we do discover it, it may be hard for lack of time or money, to help him develop his talent. But one thing parents can certainly affect is the level of their children's aim. It is in the dreams of childhood that the achievement of the adult is born. If we do not, by admiration of fine deeds, learn to dream high as children we shall not act nobly when we are grown. If we do not dream of being men, we shall never be men but merely vegetables or machines. If we do not open the door of the inner world when we are young, and open it habitually, we shall not find it later, and may even deny that it exists. It is the imagination which allows us to conceive worlds beyond the cereal and milk reality of every morning. Unless we are taught to dream—which is to make up our own stories—we shall not know how to live our own lives, but will take refuge in stories ready made by others. We must learn to look for true worlds within ourselves or we shall be drawn into the false worlds invented by the ideas-trade.

Children must learn to dream, but not to day-dream. A sensitive and watchful parent can arouse a child to the sharp distinction between dreaming and kidding oneself. By dreaming one learns to hitch one's wagon to a star; but when one wakes one must make sure one has a wagon and that it's not tied to a tinsel star. That basic honesty which never lets us for one second fool ourselves has to be learned in infancy. A child may and should dream of greatness, whether it be as a saint or a saxophone player; but he must be quite familiar with the fact that for the moment he is neither, and that to dream is weakness unless each day by some

small practice—whether of generosity or scales—he tries to integrate dream with reality.

**The principle of doing one's best.** Some earnest parents think the principle of raising their children's aspirations to the stars applies in spiritual matters only. As every Christian should, they encourage holiness and they hopefully seek to discern signs of a religious calling. (Here we should warn parents against the transference of spiritual ambitions to their offspring. The terrible pressure of a mother's love has foisted many a false vocation on an unfortunate child and on a yet more unfortunate Church.) But if there is no direct call to a religious life, then often these same earnest parents will push their children into the most stupefying jobs. They do not realize that the principle of doing one's best applies in every walk of life, since the world was made by God and all of life should walk in His way. There is a primary vocation to sanctity, which is at the same time a vocation to humanity since the first is the fulfillment of the second. All the world is God's and all the work that is done in it can be done to His taste, that is, perfectly. There is no reason why the man who orders his meditation well or his morals well should not also order his music or his muscles with the same attention.

Ordering implies putting first things first. The would-be saint who sacrifices his sick parent to his passion for the poor is not becoming saintly and the aspiring saxophonist who abandons wife and children for his music will not be fully human. All this parents have the task of making clear to their children, more often by implication than explanation, and with that patient gentleness which alone induces understanding.

Now the child has been led as God intended to dream of doing great things with his life. He has been led further to see that dreams go bad unless they are realized with suitable action and that that always means sacrifice. And he has learned that a dream to which we sacrifice what is not ours to give is a gloomy delusion; a dream which turns to nightmare. On this basis of imagination, truth and moral order the child can safely build.

How are these three principles to be applied in a particular family in guiding a specific child to his own lifework? Before examining that question we must pause to answer those people who are still asking whether it is wise in any way to direct a child toward a particular vocation.



**Should parents give advice?** Some parents, hyper-sensitive to every chill wind that blows from the playground or the lecture room, hesitate even to advise their children in any way lest they "get their backs up" or "push them down the wrong alley." Often, though pride will not let them show it, children are vastly relieved to get adult advice. Moreover, even if the advice does get their backs up, that may in itself help them to find out what they do *not* want to do. Confronted with the multitudinous variety of the universe it is only human to shrink from choosing. To take only one thing from this board groaning with divers goods is agony to most of us. The horror of free choice, often noted even amongst the most "progressively" educated, needs no other explanation; whereas a little repression, by a process of elimination helps the hesitant child to define his own desires and reach a personal choice. We have been told so often of the terrible dangers of repression; we have not been warned enough that lack of repression leaves the will floating without a chance to put down strong roots. It is essential when planting a seedling to "firm it down" so it will have something to brace itself against; if this is neglected the plant droops and is done for.

Moreover, there are talents which no repression seems able to crush nor is any needed to bring them out. If a child insists on studying mean temperatures or has to be hauled away from the piano, then obviously he should be encouraged to be a weather man or a musician. As clear a call as this saves everyone a lot of trouble. The infant Mozart was called to music as distinctly as Samuel to the priesthood. But most children hear no voice, or at most an inner mumbling which might mean anything and often seems to mean nothing at all. It is those children who most need parents' guidance.

Many, perhaps most, adults do not know what they want to be, and have little desire to be anything at all. Yet as children they wanted to be everything from cowboy to cardinal. Wise parents take advantage of these various stages to direct their children's interest and increase their knowledge. Some youngsters have so much vitality they want to be everything at once. Though confusing to themselves and to their parents, this is a great deal better than lack of interest. Even in the convent Thérèse of Lisieux still felt she had it in her to be a hundred different things. She knew that only by being altogether God's could she be all things.



all men. The child with much vitality must be helped to channel his activities effectively and to finish what he begins; while parents will lose no opportunity of stimulating and broadening the interests of their less vital children.

**The problem of choice.** Of course it is only in a society both free and complex—that is to say civilized—that the problem of choice arises. In most societies it does not exist at all or only for certain classes. In an economically simple society a man's career is predetermined by tribal necessity. He is a fisherman or farmer, a hunter or shepherd according to the traditional use of natural resources. And even a highly complex society can, by abolishing freedom and sending a man to the gold fields or the salt mines or picking him to be a stage star or station master, entirely eliminate the problem of choice. No human society is really free but the fact that we have a problem of choice to discuss reminds us of that freedom which it is always possible to lose.

There is however, even in a comparatively free society, a considerable economic pressure which limits many in their choice of work. There is a limit to the amount of certain types of work that a society can absorb and parents do well to find out whether the profession which their child is planning to enter is seriously overcrowded and whether it can survive an economic depression. It is also prudent in the case of a career which requires expensive preparation to make sure the child really likes it well enough to stick to it and make the sacrifice worthwhile. Parents have in this matter a difficult double obligation. They must help their children choose a means of earning their bodily living which is at the same time a help and not a hindrance to that development of heart and mind which they need to earn eternal life.

**Success.** The chance of success is bound to play a part in the choice of a life's work. Every sane person wants success. There is no question about that. The only question is what kind of success individuals want. Some want to succeed in the service of God and man, some want to be famous for successfully serving, others just want to see their names in the papers. Some people want to win a popularity prize, others want the praise of the "little reviews," and some want to make sure of going to heaven. Here again parents are often able to point out which things are worth succeeding in, while the child is small and before the world has warped the sense of values with which most children come into it.

This parents can only effect by example.

Most of us are born with some premonition of that high destiny to which we are all summoned, and have, I suppose, experienced at least a few "bright shoots of everlastingness." But now, when most people are spiritual savages, these flashes of mysterious power are often mistaken by the gifted child quite unlettered in spiritual things for the stirrings of human greatness, and to this last but few of us are called. This misunderstanding of his true nature and the consequent deflection of his ambition from a high destiny open to all to a lower destiny open to very few is one of the great miseries of modern man. The urge to greatness as well as the passion for success is given people to help them take the kingdom of heaven by storm. Christian parents who can help clarify his experience are the child's best allies in this campaign which lasts as long as life.

But there have always been a large number of people without taste or color who cannot hope to attain worldly success and must doggedly concentrate on just living, both here and hereafter. Now besides these there is, thanks to the times, a quickly multiplying race who care neither to please God nor to please themselves. They have turned the Golden Rule upside down. We used to know so well what *we* liked that we knew exactly what to do unto others—even though we did not often do it. But these other-directed people have no idea of what they like until they have taken a poll of what others like. So they do unto themselves as they think others would do unto them. They do not dare to live at all but merely reflect the show of other lives. They have no ideas until they have ascertained the opinion of everybody else. Such a man is a fleeting picture in a thousand moving mirrors, a mere image in other people's eyeballs. How can these shadows win through to the resurrection? For where there has never been life there can be no life to come.

**Dull jobs and dull people.** It is not these automatons spawned by industry and bred by advertising which concern us here, though their existence is a menace to their Christian neighbors. But there are always vast numbers of youngsters without a striking gift or marked tendency of any kind. These young people have to find themselves a preference by a process of trial and error and then cling tenaciously to that, even if it does not satisfy them fully. There are so many dull things to be done in

the world, even seen through the eyes of grace. That is one of the things many unrealistic Catholics—as well as all romantic liberals—forget. They tend to assume that every child is a budding artist; that every man, were he not denied self-expression by a harsh system, would fill his days with beauty-bearing labor. But people do not all want to be artists or craftsmen, nor even heal the sick nor delve into the secrets of the universe. Nor do all other activities go against the human grain. This warped wood which the fall has left us is often better pleased to be around unused than suffer the process of being pressed and spliced and planed to a fine svelteness.

Nor is it true that every object made before the industrial revolution was a thing of beauty which gave equal joy to maker and user. Indeed the locksmith in the middle ages often made keys that were beautiful to see, but the beauty was a by-product, because the purchaser, having more highly developed personal taste than the modern consumer, liked to show off beautiful possessions—or merely ingenious ones—just as people now like to show off their high fidelity players or their cars. But the locksmith who made beautiful keys chiefly wanted them to work, and if they didn't he lost his job and got one digging ditches. Man loves to tinker as much as to create. He is *homo faber*, and likes to tinker effectively. And he falls in love with his works even when, like machinery, they obviously enslave him more often than they aid him. And even in the middle ages there were quite as many people making chains and pikes and cooking pots as statues for cathedrals. There are always many dull jobs to be done, and there are always people who don't mind doing them. But it is a crime to make work duller than it need be and a sin against the spirit to thereby make people duller. God manages not to find any of His children dull, that is a Father's privilege. But even He has threatened to spew forth those who are neither hot nor cold.

Let fleshly parents therefore take notice and whether their children make or do or merely stand and wait, let parents help them to be more entirely alive in their work and at their play, now and always.





# An Ivory Tower Crashes

Dear Dorothy,

I said I would send you a few thoughts on the subject of vocational guidance. I really don't know anything about it, and what I am going to say here is probably much too personal to be of help to others. However, here it is, and if you can make any use of it, one way or another, maybe it will be worth the time of the writing.

Isn't vocational guidance helping a person find the place in society which he is peculiarly equipped to fill? While no one can guarantee a successful encounter between the individual and the world—vocations being, in a sense, secrets of God—it is certainly the responsibility of home and school to try to help young people find good ways of using their specific talents.

People often said to me, "Oh, but you've no problem. You can write. You *know* what you want to do." Yes, but doing it—that's a different matter. Nothing is so airy and intangible as "writing." And nothing is so down-to-earth and businesslike as

writing for a living. It's quite a trick to turn an amateur classroom ability into a saleable professional product. That's probably why so many people with writing talent never become writers. And that's where vocational guidance can come in—or, in my case, should have, and didn't.

When I was in college, I lived in a beautiful ivory tower. My excuse for living—at the time it seemed more than adequate—I wrote poetry. Not everyone can write poetry, even mediocre poetry. So I was set apart. I was exempted from social obligations. I cut classes with impunity to take long walks and compose lines. My teachers quite naturally favored me because I responded so well to their efforts. For me, people were secondary to books. I was getting along very well. Being "different" was a privilege then, not yet a tragedy.

I never thought about what would become of me later. Although I had only been able to go to college by virtue of two scholarships and the hard work of my widowed mother, the thought of going to work and earning money like the rest of mankind never occurred to me. If I had thought of it, it would have been only with contempt. That was not for me. So far as I know, there was no attempt made during that time to bring me face to face with the problem.

After graduation I moved on to another handy ivory tower. With sixty dollars left over from some fund I felt rich. It was enough to last the summer at a beautiful seaside resort, living with a group who followed a simple radical regime and were engaged (all but me) in various arts.

But by late summer, my money was nearly gone. I began to get tired of peanut butter and pumpernickel sandwiches. I suddenly felt very unnecessary, to myself and the world in general. It was the first September in memory when I hadn't been packing and planning busily for school. The days grew sombre and the mystery of the ocean no longer exhilarated my carefree heart. A grayness came over the place that wasn't just shore-line fog. I remember vividly lying in bed and listening to the buoys in the harbor crying their abandonment in the shrouded water. My own desolation was more poignant. The ivory tower had become a lonely lighthouse in a misty and shifting world.

But I was still naive, anyhow, so with my last few dollars I bought a bus ticket to Boston and there called on an elderly lady

I had met who had a high editorial post with a leading national magazine.

She was the first one who had ever talked sense to me, and I wasn't ready. I couldn't take it. I sat across from her and cried babyishly as she energetically told me off. What business had I there at all, she wanted to know, prepared for nothing, skilled in nothing, completely inexperienced, yet expecting to be welcomed into the charmed circle of a literary world.

"Go back home right now, wherever that is," she told me. "Take a course in typing and shorthand. Get a job in some little town. And get in touch with me in a couple of years!"

"Never," I answered!

I walked away from that place devastated, past the unruffled dignity of those unforgettable Boston swans. I knew that she was right, and I hated it. A week later, I did go home. The last place in the world I wanted to be. But the inevitable crisis did not really come then. It was postponed a bit when word came that through the kind intercession of former teachers, I could have a scholarship for advanced study. Back to the ivory tower! I fled there right away.

But somehow, this time something was wrong. I was an uncomfortable tenant in my former refuge. I had glimpsed the other side of the university's protective stone wall. Books had lost all their meaning and value for me. They did not seem to agree with reality. I felt my teachers had been lying to me all along, so I had no faith in anything they taught me. Most of all I hated words, my own special gift, my one "talent." They had betrayed me into a cruel trap. I promised myself I would never be tricked that way again, and I bound myself to a bitter silence, seething with resentment and youthful pride. Horrified at my former glibness, I was never again to be able to write anything without a terrible battle. It was the beginning of an enmity with the written word which no truce can really eradicate.

The conflict raged on and on. Completely disillusioned with all the values I had held I gave up everything I ever loved—books, music, writing, classrooms, libraries. I grew thin and half-sick most of the time, partly from anxiety, partly from not eating enough. I laughed ironically at my predicament. I was educated all right. Ask me anything from the *Summa Theologica*, and I had probably read it at least once. But I could do nothing well



nough to earn the money I needed to live. St. Thomas cut no  
ce in the personnel offices I visited.

Two people helped save me from absolute mental and physical disintegration. One was the motherly woman in whose home I rented a room. She gave me lots to eat, even packed lunches for me. I don't know how she did it, with the few dollars I paid her. Most of all, she listened to me and she always had confidence in me.

The second person hired me for my first job—a three-day assignment of pasting newspaper clippings in an enormous scrapbook. Tactfully, wisely, she saw that though totally inexperienced, I needed work desperately, and she gave me the beginning I had to have. The work stretched into a few weeks as I proved handy at sharpening pencils, assembling printed sheets, and learning to run a mimeograph, all in deadly silence and without any real hope.

One day the personnel director of an organization in the same building called me in and asked if I had finished high school. Putting out of my mind that *magna cum laude* diploma and the subsequent time as a philosophy major in graduate school, I looked down at my hands, nowadays always stained with mimeograph ink, and mumbled that I had. So I was hired, at eighteen dollars a week, to begin the long tortuous ascent of the crevasse into which my crumbling eyrie had plunged me.

The mimeograph I operated had strange idiosyncrasies. Every so often it would fly into a mysterious tantrum, tossing papers around the room at an alarming speed and unsettling everyone. I found I had a strange knack for calming the rampaging machinery and cajoling it out of uncooperative moods. The prestige I earned at this humble task was despicable to me, yet I knew enough to stay there and work long and hard turning out the news releases our publicity office produced.

The atmosphere there was uniquely gay, humorous, and sociable. I rarely ever spoke. I did not know how to join in the conversation. But one day when all had been casting about some time for a likely "head" for a story, I timidly made a suggestion. It was accepted. From that time on, I was promoted to a typewriter, doing various clerical jobs and more and more editing. One day I wrote an article for a magazine, which was picked up and reappeared in a digest. By that time I had discovered people, mainly people who had done so much to encourage and befriend

me, so that I gradually gave up my grim silence and began to make friends.

Although I soon became a full-time editor and writer, I never had more than a formal relationship with words. I could not entrust to them my real thoughts. Those few who had known me before kept asking, "Why no poetry?" I knew why, very clearly, but it hurt too much to say, so I never tried.

I had made a deliberate choice between two worlds. The real one, where one worked hard and paid one's expenses and tried to seem like everyone else. And the other one, alluring like the Island of Lotos, and, like it, perilous. My choice probably destroyed the poet. But to have retreated forever to the ivory tower would have destroyed the person. And after all, the poetry would have been the mediocre sort.

Looking back, I certainly could not blame anyone for my peculiar experiences, but I feel much of the anguish of those early post-college years might have been avoided if only I had had some help in at least making contact with a working area where my particular flair for writing could eventually have been used. If only someone had seen that I needed help much more than some of the others who went on tours of local manufacturing centers and eventually wound up working for them. I think I should have been jerked out of that ivory tower before it fell on my head.

Growing up is always painful, but to lose all one's security in one's first hour abroad alone in the world is a terrible blow to a young inexperienced person and I would do anything to save others from being shattered in this way.

In Christ,

JANE

## Help Carry Their Burdens!

Over one-half million gallant Vietnamese—90% of them Catholics—are now added to the 40,000,000 dispossessed around the world. Lighten their overwhelming burdens of hardships in the coming year by responding generously to the appeal for the BISHOP'S WELFARE AND EMERGENCY RELIEF FUND on Laeture Sunday, March 20th.

# Sometimes They Bring Samples

by VINCENT P. RENNERT

*This story is intended as fiction.*

*Any resemblance to sandhogs, bridge-builders  
or employment agencies is purely deliberate.*

It isn't always as bad as yesterday. Yesterday just happened the way it did because a bad day was due, and that's about the only way I can explain it.

If I was trying to put on airs, I could say my job is to sell people. They come in all sizes; big ones with little feet and little ones with big feet. Some come with their mothers, who usually stake themselves out somewhere in the office where they can give Donald, or Albert, the high-sign—to either grab the job if it looks good, or to put the jinx on the deal if \$65.00 a week picking spiders off bunches of grapes at the docks isn't enough.

Then there's the type that comes with nobody. Like the girl who wanted to become a designer; not of dresses, shoes, or hats, but of bridges. She had studied in Manual Arts class, she said, and had put a bridge together with strips of metal, held at the joints with rivets. It came complete with long pillars that sank into an imaginary river, and toy cars to show it could stand the load.

She had our Agency ad in one hand and the metal monster in the other. She looked around for a place to set it down.

She had saved it over the years, and now decided it proved her talent. She put it on my desk. It was huge. Three feet long and a foot wide. While I talked to her I peered through the truts at her long, smiling face and short hair.

"It stands up to the wind, too," she said. "When hurricane Carol came along I set it out on the porch. It didn't even quiver the whole time. Also, it's rust proof."

The phone rang just then, but I was helpless. The unique



mess squatted over my phone like it owned it. Alex finally picked the call up on extension.

"Miss Cartwheel," I began, "I'm not certain I can place you." As I talked I fingered the pillars resting, I supposed, on the bottom of the Hudson. They looked effective, even though I discovered they were the black-painted cardboard inserts for toilet-paper rolls. As her face fell at my discovery, I continued, "First of all, you should remember that bridge construction is primarily a man's work."

"That's what makes it all so terribly challenging," she countered. "I've been thinking of myself as the Florence Nightingale of the Sandhogs." She giggled. "You probably think I'm crazy for saying that."

"Not at all," I said, "but sandhogs work in tunnels."

"I know," she said, "but I like the name." She ran her fingers along the top of the model. "Besides, just because women never do this kind of work is no sign they never could."

I agreed. There was always a first time, even for women bridge-builders. "What are your salary requirements?" I leafed through a Manhattan telephone book, under B.

"Well," she began, "I really have no idea. I did suppose though, that they paid *well*."

I raised my eyebrows, still looking under B. "Do you just draw the bridges, or do you build them?" I asked. "I must have missed that."

"Well," she said. "I imagined building them to be rather messy. I'd much prefer to make them up."

"Make them up?"

"Well, yes. *Create* is the word I'm after." She drummed her fingers on the roof of a toy Ford. "Yes, I'll create them and someone will assemble it."

"Now, what about salary?"

"I'd take something reasonable to get started," she said. "I suppose you have to be sort of an—an apprentice, at the beginning anyway."

I squinted at the page, still looking under B. In all my telephone book thumbing, it was the first time I had come across anyone with *that* name.

"It isn't like television, is it?" she said. "I mean sandwiches and coffee but no salary, just for the opportunity. . . .?"

"Sandhogs enjoy an enviable reputation," I said quietly. "But there *are* drawbacks. The field is overcrowded."

"Drawbacks?"

"Well, they are clannish, you know. They believe in starting at the bottom."

"Bottom?"

"The bottom of the river, I mean. Digging and things."

But she was already on her feet, clutching the metal frame to her chest. I handed her my card. "Call me," I said, "when you're ready. They're working on a plan to lay a bridge across the Narrows." But she was gone, and it was time for lunch.

One ham sandwich and a glass of buttermilk and beer later, Langguth came in. He came around every Tuesday. I had missed him the last two times. Yesterday he came to me for help. He had won a jingle contest in late 1954 by writing that Moonshine Soap got him cleaner than his mother ever could with Wheat-germ cakes.

"I went to Gleniewinkels," he began, "with your card. I had some samples of jingles to show them."

"And what did they say?" I said foolishly.

"They said they'd call me," he said sadly, "when they had an opening. I said all I wanted to do was write jingles. I was good at it."

"Well?"

"Then Gleniewinkel said it was closing time, and he started to put on his coat. I left and waited by the elevator. He never came out."

"Do you have the samples?"

"Yes."

He gave them to me. One went,

"Moonshine cleans your face  
and leaves it without a trace,  
Of dirt, or grime, or shine."

"Shouldn't something be added to rhyme with shine?" I said. "There's something wrong, but I can't put my finger on it."

"I noticed that," he said. "I thought 'as poetry without rhyme' was nice. Do you get the thought?"

"Yes," I said, "it fits."

"But this is my favorite," he said, pointing with pride to the next jingle in the pile. "I almost got a job on this one."

I read,

"Moonshine cleanses, Moonshine scrubs,  
Moonshine does this with a few little rubs."

"Is that all?" I said.

"Well, yes. But," he added, "the additions to that are infinite. Think of everything that rhymes with scrubs."

I thought, but nothing came.

"Cherubs," he was saying, "tubs,—and lots of others."

"How did you almost get a job on that?" I said, then revised it. "I mean, you just missed out on a job? Why?"

"Well," he began, taking a deep breath, "I showed this to a man at Gasser's Advertising Agency. He said I had talent."

"What else?"

"Well, he said I had talent, but that by hiring me it might produce friction among the employees—seniority and all that, I think."

"Is that what he said?"

"Well, almost. He said it would be like hiring a man with a B.A. to work in an office where everybody else had a Ph.D. in engineering." He paused. "Does that make sense?"

"I believe so, yes," I said.

"And it would be unbalanced, he said. I agreed it would be unfair. He said I should try a company with more to offer."

"That was nice of him," I said.

"Oh," Mr. Langguth said, "he also said to thank you for sending me, as it proved your inane knowledge of their needs."

"I think you mean intimate," I said.

"I thought he said the other. Well, no matter. Is there anything else open? I'm free for the afternoon."

I thumbed through my index. Publicity. Publications. Purchasing. I picked up the phone and dialed Douthit's Publicity Agency.

"Hello?" I said, "Ernest? This is Leon. Yes, yes. What? Didn't come close? Now Ernest, I'm no mind reader, you know. After all, the fellow *did* draw, you know. I don't believe you're being fair, old boy. No, no, I don't. Not at all. He said it was symbolism. Yes, of course I know you do soup ads. He said the American Public should be awakened."

"Ask about me," Mr. Langguth put in.

"Say, Ernest," I said, "I've got your writer for you. Yes, of



course he can write. He has a portfolio on my desk that'll knock you over. Yes—publicity blurbs, tag lines, direct-mail—anything you name! Three o'clock? Fine. And Ernest, you won't forget to fill in his card?—and return it? Good boy! Thanks, Ernie. Yes, yes. Now, don't worry. 'By."

I turned to Mr. Langguth. "Pretty good, don't you think?"

"Yes," he said, "but I'm not sure I can do all that. All I want to do is write jingles."

"You don't think I'm sending you over?" I said. "Never! I'll call later and tell him you were placed in a much better job. Makes 'em think we're a live-wire concern."

"But what about me?" he said.

I dialed another number. It was busy.

"Mr. Langguth," I said, "we've done right by you, haven't we? What I mean is, you don't have any complaints?"

"No, sir," he said, "I've worked in three places already, just because of you."

"Fine," I said, "so just trust me, you know what I mean? I know what I'm doing."

I tried again. This time Sammy answered.

"Sammy," I said, "this is Leon. Yes, that's right, Leon. You remember—. Yes, of course, Leon. Listen, Sammy," I said, "I've got your man! Write? Of course he can write. Have I ever steered you wrong? Sammy—Sammy, listen—that was months ago. Of course this one really writes. Listen, you need a man in Publications? I've got him. Talent? Listen, Sammy, he can write a sales letter that would sell bananas back to the Brazilians. Sure he can. Credits, collections, complaints—he does 'em all. Right! That's what I said, an all-round correspondent. He'll have your salesmen eating out of his hand. Yes, yes. O.K. See him today? Fine. Yes. The name is Langguth. L-a-n-g-g-u-t-h. That's right. Ok. And Sammy, don't forget—that's right, Sammy. 'By now."

Mr. Langguth looked glum. "I don't like to write letters," he said.

"You don't think I'd send you on a wild goose-chase, do you?" I said.

"No," he said.

"Fine, and you remember what I said about confidence. Sammy's a friend. It pays to let him know I'm thinking about him."

"You call him back too?"

"Of course," I said, "they expect it."

I dialed another number. "This is the job for you," I said.

"What is it?" Mr. Langguth asked.

Eugene answered.

"Eugene, this is Leon." There was a click. "Eugene. Eugene? Hello, hello?"

I turned to Mr. Langguth. "Eugene is probably busy. I'll just send you over to him in person. You can see how the job looks and sell yourself on your appearance," I said. "Bright looking, good clothes. They all like that."

"I'm fifty-two and bald," he said. "I'm too old to write letters. What's this job?"

"You like to write, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"And you can type?"

"Yes," he said, demonstrating with his right hand.

"Then this is the job for you. It's in Purchasing."

"Purchasing? I don't like Purchasing."

"You will," I said, "and it's a wide-open field. Only a few choice men in it. You get in on the ground floor and you'll go far."

"What do I do?"

"Well, you'll learn how to order things and how to write out orders. That sort of thing. Requisitions and stuff. Got to know the forms, and all that."

Mr. Langguth was putting on his coat.

"What's that got to do with writing jingles?" he said.

"Forget jingles," I said. "What's more important is that you're creative. A writer. All writers are creative—they have a flair for this sort of thing. Writing is a gift. No doubt about it. Inherited. You've a gift few others have, don't forget that. You can adapt your talent to any medium. Take writing orders and letters in this Purchasing Department. . . ."

But Mr. Langguth was going out the door.

"Call me during the week," I said, "and I'll have some leads for you."

Alex came over later and I showed him the name in the phone book under B.

"What happened, Leon," he asked, "couldn't you place Langguth?"

# *The Catholic School and Vocational Preparation*

by JEREM O'SULLIVAN-BARRA

*This article does not deal with the technical aspects of vocational guidance, but rather with the re-orienting of Catholic education necessary if vocational life is to have for the individual a real and deep link with salvation.*

A few years ago, special "political teachers" were installed in the Catholic schools and colleges, as well as in other public and private educational institutions of the New China.

An American forced to live out that whole period in Shanghai relates that in the Catholic high school for girls in that city, a strong campaign was immediately initiated by the "political teachers." The Legion of Mary was very strong in three Catholic girls' high schools and two Catholic colleges for women. The political propagandists first directed their whole attention to the Legion, and devised a plan whereby the Catholic girls associated with the Legion as active members or as auxiliaries, would sign a statement against the organization. The statement averred simply that the Legion of Mary was subversive to the new government of China, was a criminal organization and was anti-revolutionary in character.

Many of the Catholic girls were converts, coming from totally non-Catholic families. The political activists visited their families, and asked them to urge their daughters to sign this convenient paper, and thus consolidate the family's position with the regime. If the girl failed to sign, her whole family, as well as herself, might suffer serious political and economic difficulties since her refusal



would be considered as a sign of political disaffection.

During their school hours, and in their free time at home, these girls of high school age were pressed for hours on end to sign the statement. They were threatened with jail and torture, and were given a deadline by which they were expected to sign. The authorities seemed to expect that high school girls would fall in line very easily.

**The Three Autonomies.** At the same time great numbers of Catholics in the city of Shanghai were asked to sign the Pledge of the Three Autonomies. This merely called for signed assent to Three Autonomies for the Catholic Church in China; namely that the Church should be completely independent, completely self-supporting, and entirely Chinese. The members of the Legion of Mary, as a Catholic Action group, had been tireless in strengthening hard-pressed people in their resistance to the Three Autonomies petition, pointing out that it really meant a national church separated from the Holy See.

The resistance to the Pledge of the Three Autonomies surprised the propagandists of New China, but what surprised them more was their utter inability to cajole, threaten, torture, or force young girls into the anti-Legion of Mary statement. As Catholic Actionists, these young girls, often recently baptized, realized that by signing against the Legion of Mary, they would be in effect abjuring their faith—no part of which was in essence political.

As the deadline approached, a surprising thing happened. More and more of the girls, Legion members and auxiliaries, came to school with their hair cut short like boys, and carrying in their arms a bundle of clothing or small valise, from which they refused to be parted. Finally hundreds came to school with these marks on their persons. When they were asked the reason, these little girls explained that they were definitely not going to sign away their faith. The Legion of Mary was not subversive or criminal, and their Catholic faith was not a political matter. They had been told that refusal to sign would probably mean jail. Women in jail had their hair cut short. They were ready to go to jail at any time, and with their little valise or bundle could go right from school if the "political teachers" ordered it.

In point of fact, several young girls were sentenced to long jail terms, but the majority were not jailed. Their penalty was that no active Catholic could get a graduation certificate, and there-

fore could get no vocational foothold in the economy of New China.

That is the kind of vocational preparation that faced Catholic students from the age of fifteen upward in Shanghai and many more cities of China in recent years. It reminded the American observer very forcibly of one aspect of the early Church, the extraordinary prominence of young girl martyrs, Agnes, Agatha, Cecilia and others.

In the hundreds of Catholic high schools of our United States, how many boys and girls of fifteen are made aware of such pressures and problems as confront the children of their age in the Church in other lands?

**In another Asian land,** Vietnam, a strongly Catholic area, was handed over after an eight year war to the Communist regime of the Vietminh. The truce was signed at Geneva, and the Vietnamese, the most directly concerned, were not allowed to have any voice in the proceedings.

When word came to the thousands of Catholic villages in North Vietnam that they were to be handed over to Communist rule after their years of sacrifice and resistance, they hastily convened the Councils of Elders. These Councils have key roles in decisions affecting the community. The Vietminh were offering economic inducements to the villagers to remain, but many of the villagers knew from experience that their faith was in jeopardy. In many cases, the Council decided that the whole village should leave and take the hard road of exile—involving unknown trials and privations, but promising freedom. Village after village left with its priests, elders, teachers, and walked to the port of Haiphong, singing hymns and chanting the rosary on the way. This great migration has been likened to a pilgrimage. Other village Councils sent out into exile only the younger members, those with children and the students. The Council of Elders voted that they would testify to their faith by remaining behind in an area won to Christianity by thousands of martyrs. Those who stayed on, stayed on as witnesses; those who left and were taken to exile in South Vietnam by planes and troop transports, chose exile as witnesses for the faith. The more than 500,000 Catholic refugees who went into exile singing, as others would go on a pilgrimage, have been likened to those who joined the Pilgrimage of Grace, more than 400 years ago in England. They too moved south for their

faith, intending to ask King Henry VIII for a redress of the wrongs done to their Catholic religion. The badge of the Pilgrimage of Grace was the badge of the Five Wounds of Christ—and for many of their number, it was a prefiguring of the suffering and even martyrdom they would be called upon to suffer.

The last and most recent among the Vietnamese pilgrims of grace certainly could have the same Christian symbol as their badge. Many isolated villages of North Vietnam did not get the news of the truce agreement in time to leave before the deadline set by the signatory powers at Geneva. These fled by night to the coastal areas, then put out to sea in frail rafts, hoping to be picked up by French or American vessels outside the Vietminh territorial waters. When sighted, many of these rafts had banners, the yellow and white papal flags which the people had carried with them to show where their allegiance lay. Many of the Vietnamese refugees lost their lives in this last hazardous break for freedom.

After evacuation to Saigon, the tremendous urge which moved these people to opt for freedom showed itself in the energy with which they are resettling themselves in cleared forest land and drained swampland. Now the younger people are showing their strength. A recent visitor to Saigon reports that more than four hundred high school students, anxious to continue an interrupted education, took over an old warehouse in Saigon, and under conditions of great hardship are helping in converting it into a school. American voluntary agencies are supplying items to make the whole scheme possible.

**The one thing necessary.** What is striking in both of these incidents from the young Church of Asia is the emphasis on what we call the *unum necessarium*, the one thing necessary, our eternal salvation. In the early Church this emphasis always seemed uppermost, and pervades the gospels and the homilies of the early fathers.

Nowhere is the quiet effacement of the *unum necessarium* from the forefront of our thinking more obvious than in the kind of vocational guiding that is done in a great number of our Catholic high schools and colleges.

There is bound to be a connection between the vocation one chooses and the attainment of the *unum necessarium*. Because this connection is not sufficiently stressed, young people find themselves channeled into companies and jobs where serious moral



conflicts eventually plague them. Often when the insights as to their personal duty in these moral conflicts arise the young man or woman may already have taken on material responsibilities. A change of jobs in such cases often means a heroic sacrifice, and heroism is not what our Catholic students are prepared for.

To cite a personal example, the Catholic high school I attended had no vocational guidance in the sense of helping one to a work in the world which would have a bearing on saving one's soul. There was considerable overt effort, which I do not criticize but must point out, to gain vocations for the Order from among the students. For the remainder of the student body, there was a small channeling of young people into a few business concerns with which the school maintained an informal contact.

**Vocational practices in Catholic schools.** I have talked with graduates of girls' Catholic high schools and colleges, and have learned that in the main, if the school functions in the vocational field at all, it functions as a kind of employment agency. This is a very passive function, since the school is only being used by companies who need help badly, and whose aims and personnel practices are not investigated by the school. One very large business company in New York has its lines out to Catholic girls' high schools since it finds that Catholic girls are especially tractable and obedient, and tend to remain satisfied in their clerical positions.

The schools in question undoubtedly consider this judgment in the nature of a compliment, but in point of fact it pinpoints the exact weakness of our vocational approach as Catholics. Even if many Catholic high schools and colleges would not be equipped to give technically adequate vocational guidance they should prepare the mind of the graduate for a realistic evaluation of living today, of the opportunities and pitfalls of life as it is in the here and now, in this or that particular city or state.

The whole meaning of the word "vocation" needs to be re-evaluated, especially as far as girls' schools are concerned. Catholic girls are left with the idea that there are two "valid" vocations for women—the convent, or marriage. This choice then involves a total acceptance of today's world (if the girl marries) or rejection of the world by the one who chooses the higher perfection. What is missing completely is an *analysis* of what one is accepting or rejecting. In addition, the fact that many must make the best

out of life and give their best to it, as "reluctant virgins," is not met head-on.

Many girls, in these changing times, might want to essay new forms of the apostolate, from becoming lay auxiliaries in the missions to serving the poor as sharers of their poverty. But it has happened that any questioning of the status quo (in regard to new forms of vocation to attain the same *unum necessarium*) is met with great coldness. If the students persist in a questioning attitude, they are discouraged by judgmental statements on "spiritual pride." The bringing in of "spiritual pride" is enough to stop most Catholic girls dead in their tracks—especially if their tracks are beginning to be divergent from the well-trodden tracks of the majority.

At a big Catholic college for men which stresses business administration and where spokesmen have been vociferous in accepting the modern American version of capitalism and capitalistic organizations of life, a non-Catholic visitor made a significant comment. After talking with students and faculty, he pointed out that the business ethic and practise accepted and taught at the Catholic college concerned were different in no respect from that taught at state and secular seats of learning. The only difference he could find was a statue of the Virgin at the end of the corridor in the Catholic institution of higher learning.

**Automatons or romantic infants?** In general, for those young men who do not choose a religious life, the life work that is held up as desirable is one that pays the most. The writer is certainly not against the necessity of a certain degree of material security, especially in the case of men who look forward to founding families. Nothing has marred the apostolate in America as much as young men and women who found families on nothing but "faith in God's providence." Such "faith" often rules out vocational training, the discipline of steady work—even dull work if called for—and the necessity of reasonable planning and planned frugality. Anyone acquainted with the apostolate knows the distinction of true faith in God's providence and that false version which expects special personal miracles, which by a species of romantic infantilism shifts to parents, relatives, friends the burdens that should be assumed by the couple in question, and calls the resulting chaos "holy poverty."

But surely there is something between such romantic infan-

alism and the grey dullness of young men accepting uncritically social, economic and military system on the basis of personal and family security. It is a spectacle of great sterility to see creative young people, in a free society, turn into obedient, accepting automaton-like citizens in a time of anguish and crisis like our own.

**The need for criticism.** Vocational guidance should play its part in evaluating the total reality of job life in the area concerned and possibly in the nation, and in orienting the student in general way to that ideal of service, of the common good so inherent in the Christian tradition, and so absent from it when the pattern of that tradition takes a wrong turn—as it has in some Catholic countries where the social doctrine of Christianity was de-emphasized in favor of personal devotion. How can we keep alive the idea of the social obligations of the Christian and urge him to take them into account in his choice of work, if the leaders of our Catholic educational systems have so singly failed in making a realistic evaluation of the social picture? It is natural, of course, that as our two hundred fifty Catholic colleges and universities are the late comers on the educational scene, they have been too busy catching up, becoming accredited, staying accredited, adding new departments, and meeting accounts, that this phase of our schools' contribution has been later than other phases in making itself felt. The creative part of this evaluation would be strengthened if it were a dialogue in which students were asked to bring in their criticisms of the vocational situation, to ask the questions that might seem off-beat and unpopular, to defend their views, even if minority views. Such a play of minds on our present-day job and military training situation (so involved in the total crisis of our time) might at least bring about a healthier critical-mindedness among our young Catholics—and might solve the problems of many of them who are actually critically oriented already, but have been made to feel guilty because of it, even when their questioning is truly that of a rightly formed conscience. Such discussions might also open the minds of many to the presence of a total crisis, economic, social, political, cultural, religious.

It is this sense of crisis that most of our Catholic school graduates lack. They seem to feel that the crisis is Communism, and not perhaps the terrible obedience in themselves and in those Catholic school graduates of less than one generation ago. In the last twenty years, this uncritical obedience led them to the belief



that by uniting with the same Beelzebub of Communism in the violence of war, they could exorcize the Devil of Hitler. They were so obedient that the creative questioning they could have brought to the war and peace situation was never brought.

**Conformism, enemy of heroism.** Perhaps, indeed, the essence of the crisis is this conformism that seems to mark the Catholic school graduate, a conformism that is the natural and supernatural enemy of heroism. If the contemporary scene were opened to the critical intelligence, conformism would become more difficult. If young people were strengthened in their non-conforming response to the crisis of our time, they might be enabled to correspond with the grace to be heroic.

Heroism demands the emotionally mature person, the intellectually and morally responsible person, and these qualities of maturity and responsibility cannot be nurtured by the school of uncritical obedience. Vocational guidance today would seem to demand, far more urgently than individual counselling, the opening of the minds and wills of the many to the unparalleled opportunities presented by our times to the Christian with a sense of service, or dedication.

Dedication can be the mode of carrying out any job or work. Many young men and women, for example, really want to do office work because it is what they enjoy. Yet often vocations of service are conceived of as having too narrow limits; for girls, social work, or work in settlement houses, houses of hospitality, or Catholic magazines and publishing houses, seem to be the gamut of jobs involving dedication. These, as well as the profession of medicine, are the prototypes of work thought to involve service for young men. But such vocations of service cannot apply to the generality of our Catholic high school graduates.

Vocational guidance should emphasize the temporal and spiritual realities of the sense of dedication in any and *every* field of endeavour. But it should do this against a background of as much of the total reality of our time and place as the best minds in the school, or in many schools, can muster in a series of presentations and discussions. The meaninglessness of the lives of many of our Catholic school graduates, the quiet desperation in their holding onto the jobs that offer security, is no minor problem in present-day society.

Their lack of understanding of the total crisis which sur-

unds them, robs them of the dynamism that such an understanding would surely evoke, and thus robs society of the contribution they might make. Their distrust of their own creative and critical powers because of a habit of too great obedience and conformism often ties them to job situations when they might better experiment and aid in finding new solutions.

Our secularized society has had a deep effect on us in that we do not question the social situation around us as did the early church, as do the high school students of China.

We do not refer in our day-to-day decisions so explicitly to the *unum necessarium*, as did the simple Vietnamese Catholic laborers.

We in America by dint of incredible sacrifice have established a school system that is the wonder of the whole Catholic world. Right now, more than eight hundred thousand young people are enrolled in its high schools and colleges alone.

In some of these schools, new and creative trends in true educational guidance have emerged. Let us hope that every Catholic high school and college in our country will address itself to educational preparation in this wider sense so that the new synthesis between religion and life in its total and present reality will come closer, and so that a more just equation may be made between the many things which we deem necessary for happiness here and now, and the "one thing necessary" for happiness in eternity.



# Why Don't Lay People Grow Up?

by FATHER JOHN PASTOR

*A few weeks ago we received a letter from a pastor we know telling of his unsuccessful efforts to get lay people to take responsibility. Because it is a question which concerns us a great deal (usually around Integrity we hear the other side of it, that is of lay people who want to take responsibility and are refused it) we asked him to elaborate on his ideas. We invite our readers' comments and shall publish their letters in future issues.*

The editor of *Integrity* has asked me to give a pastor's point of view on the question "Why not treat lay people as grown-ups?" Many pastors would reply, "We treat them as they want to be treated and most of them neither want to grow up nor to be treated as grown-ups."

There is more than a grain of truth in this answer, as modern education tends more and more to keep its pupils in a permanent state of adolescence in regard to the most important problems of life. Young men and women are taught to think and to think *hard* about what are called *practical* problems—how to be a successful doctor, lawyer, scientist, architect, how to make a comfortable living, but the ultimate problems of life—its meaning and purpose, its scale of values—are regarded as somehow visionary and poetical. The result is that you will find in every parish excellent doctors, lawyers, mechanics, carpenters, etc. who, as far as their religion and the life of the parish are concerned, are still in the adolescent stage and perfectly willing to remain there.

religion is the priest's job and, while they are glad to help him and even to make suggestions about such practical matters as fund raising, they have no desire "to interfere in what is none of their business."

Of course, even though this were universally true, which it isn't, it would not relieve the priest of responsibility or culpability. For it is his business to see that the laity grow up and come to maturity in all that concerns the life of the Church. In this age of universal education there would seem to be no reason why the religious knowledge and practice of the majority of Catholics should not keep pace with their knowledge and practice of secular matters. There's no denying that many of those who lose the faith do so because their knowledge of the faith never went beyond the grammar school stage.

Face to face with the problem of treating the laity as children grown-ups, priests in general can be divided into three classes, with considerable overlapping between them—the absolute monarchs, the practical men, and the apostolic priests who realize the need for an apostolic laity so that Christ's Body can have a healthy growth.

**Absolute monarchs.** Priests of this class are few in number today. Even fifty years ago there were not many of them, notwithstanding Protestant propaganda to the contrary. But they were strong individualists who made their presence felt. Their general attitude was that it was the duty of the laity to obey and be submissive in all things, to be good children knowing their place and keeping to it. As far as the Irish part of the American Church is concerned, this type of pastor had a noble lineage. He was the product of the conditions of Irish life of 100 years ago when the priest was the only Catholic in the average parish with any education. (The occupying power had wiped out the Irish schools and then taunted the natives with their ignorance.) He was called upon for help and advice in matters outside the religious sphere and became the natural guide and protector of his people in all that concerned their lives. Paternalism was thrust upon him and, in most cases, his was a benevolent despotism. He was admired, loved, and held in awe. The pity was that when the necessity, which brought this type into existence and justified it, had passed away some of its representatives refused to abdicate their power. They died hard but they died out at last.



Of course this problem of the use and abuse of power is still with us and always will be with us. Priests are human—some of us more so—and hence inclined to go beyond what is just in the exercise of power. Even the best of priests can at times fall into this fault but it's not a problem peculiar to priests. It concerns everyone who exercises power. In the case of priests it does militate against the laity's coming to maturity and hence should be curbed.

**Practical men.** Nearly all of us belong more or less to this second class, at least at times. This type has a less noble lineage than that of the absolute monarch since it results from a compromise with the hard realities of life. It is a product of worldly prudence and shares in the spirit of Big Business. It is not in theory opposed to treating the laity as grown-ups but in practice it does nothing to help them to grow up; rather it keeps them in adolescence for the good of the parish!

Anyone familiar with American life during the past thirty-five years can readily see how this type of pastor arose and was perpetuated. The Church was growing fast and certain practical problems had to be dealt with in connection with its expansion. A job had to be done—a job of organizing and building—and the "successful pastor" was the one who could do this job most efficiently and with the least amount of friction. He had to have the enthusiastic cooperation of his people and so had to consult their wishes to a certain extent. But in broad outline his ideas, or the ideas of the chancery, had to prevail so that the job could be done with dispatch. So the people were encouraged to give, to help in raising funds, to cooperate, but not to have too many ideas of their own. For the successful execution of most parish projects a laity in a state of adolescence was desirable.

Here it may be well to mention two points by way of parenthesis, one to the layman's credit and the other in defense of the American pastor. The American Catholic layman—and lay woman—have established something of a record in generosity towards the Church and religious causes; not merely generosity of purse but also generosity in giving themselves and their time. If they did not grow up spiritually one reason was that they were too busy with things which *had* to be done. The same reason can be alleged as an excuse for the priest's failure to promote the spiritual and mental growth of the laity and to treat them as grown

ps. A job had to be done in a hurry and people with independent ideas could interfere with the doing of it.

Most pastors at one time or another have had the experience of trying to make the parish a cooperative affair, with every adult member having the right to advise and suggest. It seldom or never proved successful. I remember one such case in which the pastor of a newly formed parish decided to take all the people into his confidence and to give everyone a chance to make suggestions, so he convened a general meeting which filled a rented hall. A second and a third such meeting were held with a slight falling off in attendance. The three meetings followed this pattern: three or four people of independent ideas—some would call them crackpots—took up the whole time and no practical decision was arrived at. After the third meeting a small group of men called on the pastor and said: "Father, the people are losing interest. We'll never get anywhere at the present rate. Why don't you tell us what you want done or what the Bishop wants done? Draw up your program and give it to us. We'll see that it goes through at the next meeting and then we can get down to the business of raising money." The next meeting was businesslike and enthusiastic. Everything was cut-and-dried and nearly everybody present approved of the change of policy! The pastor wanted the people to grow up but the people didn't want to.

**Apostolic pastors.** As I have already indicated the three types of pastors are not mutually exclusive; there is considerable overlapping. In fact the distinction between the "practical" and "apostolic" priest is to a great extent due to a difference of *emphasis*. The practical man is apostolic too, but for him the success of his work as an administrator is the measure of his priestly success in general. (This is the kind of success that is most likely to catch the attention and gain the approval both of his superiors and his parishioners. So his practicality has the support and encouragement of public opinion.) The apostolic priest, on the other hand, regards the administrative side of his work as mere framework, a means to an end. The building he wants to erect is a spiritual one and he knows that such a construction will receive little or no public applause. He has to be a "practical" man every day of his life, especially in a new city parish, but he tries and tries hard not to allow the bazaars and parish drives to interfere with his main job, which is to build up Christ's Body in his parish. For

him money is a necessary evil, but necessary none the less.

Now the apostolic priest not merely wishes to treat his people as grown-ups but he tries in every way he can to make them grow up. The pity of it is that his efforts in this line bear very little fruit. Here's an example of what I mean: In a city of around 750,000 population, with perhaps 120,000 Catholics of varying degrees of fervor, there's a central Catholic Action institute, catering to the whole city. The priest in charge is young, intelligent and full of a dynamic and infectious zeal. He has searched the city with lamps for two years or more, looking for Catholic men and women who are willing to grow up mentally and spiritually (he's convinced the two kinds of growth go together). So far his efforts have been disappointing though he refuses to become discouraged. The greatest disappointment in his work up to now is that he can count on the fingers of one hand the number of college graduates who are willing to take the lay apostolate seriously. Some of them have nibbled at his bait and then withdrawn to the safety of their parish fortress. "It's too much like work and I haven't time for it." Yet many of them have time and energy for parish drives of various kinds. Apparently the *menial* work of their Father's house is not work to them!

**Scarcity of material.** So don't blame us priests too much if we do not seem to treat the laity as grown-ups. Many of the younger clergy, especially, (the writer is one of the ancients) are anxious to help the layman and laywoman to grow up, convinced as they are that only a fully mature Catholic can be a good apostle. Their greatest difficulty is in finding suitable material, in finding enough Catholic men and women who are willing to make the necessary effort and the necessary sacrifice to come to maturity. Many of them are asking, "What's wrong with our Catholic colleges and universities? As far as the apostolate is concerned their graduates might just as well have come from Harvard or Columbia."

While there is some validity to this complaint I do not think we can put all the blame or even the greater part of the blame upon our institutions of higher learning. For many years these were in the same situation as the majority of our pastors, with a *practical* job to do and not much time to do it. The parents of these students were interested in *practical* results and had no intention of spending their hard-earned money to make an *apostle* of

John or Mary. And if John and Mary came out from the halls of learning fired with apostolic zeal they would find themselves out of place in the average American parish. After all we must remember that down-to-earth practical Catholic Action is a new thing in most parts of the country; in many parts it is still unknown.

So we have the vicious circle: men and women of apostolic calibre, with a desire to come to spiritual maturity, are scarce in most of our parishes chiefly because our colleges are not turning them out; our colleges are not turning them out because there is no place for them in most of our parishes. And the defect on both sides is due to the necessity of doing a practical job in a hurry.

**Conclusion.** While what I have written so far is true and would constitute "extenuating circumstances," I am well aware that it does not excuse us priests or our Catholic colleges for our failure to produce a mature Catholic laity. (We cannot *treat* them as grown-ups until they grow up.) The situation we find ourselves in now is so critical that the excuses of the past, if they ever were valid, are no longer so. The *practical* job of this moment is to build up the Body of Christ so that it can withstand the attacks coming from all sides that become more numerous and more violent every year. (If it can withstand them it will surely grow and expand.) For the doing of this job the most essential requisite is a mature Catholic laity, mature in knowledge, mature in apostolic zeal. And it is the bounden duty of both the parish and the Catholic college to produce such a laity.



#### A FATHER'S LAMENT

I pray most every nite and day  
That Joe won't turn out bad,  
Then I hear to my dismay,  
"Joe's just like his dad!"



# Comments

## YOUR KID HAS A MIND OF HIS OWN!

Every parent, with a glance here and a word there, by the television programs he turns off, by the friends he brings home is (however strange it may sound to him) guiding a vocation. And, what is more, I am naive enough to suppose that this unselfconscious, haphazard, unsystematic system of guidance is not only the best way, but the only way for an older generation to pass its preferences on to its offspring. There are some things like eating and bathing which of their very nature should be done a little bit every day. Vocational guidance is one of these. Since we still retain the old-fashioned habit of living in daily contact with our children under unplanned and non-laboratory conditions, we parents are in a splendid position to guide our little progeny in their choice of doing things. This may be putting the burden rather heavily and squarely but it is putting it on the right shoulders.

This does not mean that the responsibility for guiding the vocations of children is exclusively that of the parents, for seldom is it possible for the parents to accomplish the task all by themselves. It is very questionable that even if they could do it alone, that this would be the best way. In a sense, the guidance of children is the responsibility of every adult—that is, a community responsibility. However, in whatever way it is done all adults who contribute should realize that they are acting as auxiliaries to the parents.

Any parent who really knows his (or her) children's aptitudes knows with a terrifying certainty that they're apt to do anything. There is no doubt that the world of science has been thrown into a tizzy by the fact that, while man is surrounded by chemicals, atoms, robots and trained seals, all of which perform repeatedly according to charted predictions in the front office, man himself continues to be the factor called X. A chemist can look at his platoon of test tubes and tell you that on Tuesday at 3 p.m. a white precipitate will fall out in prescribed quantity which will serve as an excellent substitute for milk among people who have lost the faculty of lactic discernment. A manufacturer can look at his battery of screw machines and assure his client that these predictable monsters will spew out five thousand pump gears within the week. A farmer can consult his charts on fertilizers and sprays and bet his last McCormack harvester that every acre will bring forth nine hundred tons of unboxed cereal. Yet in this well-gear'd world of insured and calculated predictables, parents must look into junior's bright and questioning eyes never knowing whether the object of their gaze will turn out to be a bishop or a loyalty risk.

I don't suppose that it is immediately apparent why the child's having a mind of his own is a key factor in vocational guidance. We may get a clue to the primacy of this principle if we recall that often it is said with an air of regret. The fact that the child "has a mind of his own" is re-

garded as an indication that he is contrary, erratic, maladjusted. This reaction to the child's individuality is based on the false premise that the parent is the master of the situation. That, precisely, is the great evil.

We should not panic when we discover that in matters of child guidance (or any other human or social area for that matter) we have lost our mastery. The parent or guide cannot lose his mastery simply because he never had it. God is the only Master of human destiny and God's will for a particular youth is written in but one place: in the mind of the youth himself. The fact that modern parents are forever trying to gain mastery over their own destinies and that of their children (as though it were an engineering project) is the cause of all our trouble. Even when the parent knows divine law, the moral law, the laws of the Church and the laws of the state, he should not assume that he has, by some clever combination of these several set of laws, a formula for directing his child. No such formula for behavior exists. That is precisely why God gave to each individual a free will and intelligence of his own. In the particular choice at a particular time, the decision must be worked out between the person and God. The parent can do no more than pray and be sympathetic.

When we conclude that the youth has a will and mind of his own, then we are thrown back upon the necessity of looking to God. "Looking to God" is a habit which parents can transfer to their children and it is, incidentally, the best form of vocational guidance. As regards the free choices of our children, we must always ask ourselves whether we are more concerned about their complying with our schemes of propriety or following the will of God. I know of young people who have run away from home in order to elope or become car thieves. I also know young people who had to escape their parents wrath in order to become priests, join Catholic Action groups, or have a large family. That is why I wonder about motives.—ED WILLOCK



*"Can the blind lead the blind?"*

## THE NEED FOR A CATHOLIC TRADE SCHOOL

What of the youngster who shows a definite inability to master those subjects generally included in an academic or classical curriculum? This is perhaps the most discussed topic in educational conferences and has been so for the last decade or two. There seems to be a marked reluctance to face the problem that some students do need a trade school rather than a strictly academic one; a trade school under Catholic auspices and imbued with true Christian principles. (What a wonderful field for the imparting of the principles contained in the encyclicals on labor and on social justice!)

Some ten years ago in one of our largest cities, a suggestion was made at a conference of educators (in this instance all principals, headmasters, etc.) that a newly constructed boys' school, a central school, be equipped to teach the youngsters mechanical skills; in other words that it be made, at least partially, into a trade school. The suggestion was received with hearty and enthusiastic approbation by many of those present, took on the nature of a motion, was quickly seconded—and ultimately shelved. To this day this city of approximately thirty Catholic high schools for boys has, to my knowledge, no Catholic trade school.

And yet, in all fairness to those of our young Catholic people who have not been called to deeper intellectual achievement, can we continue to send them to public schools simply because they cannot follow an academic curriculum or even a watered-down one?

There are indeed problems, great difficulties standing in the way of a Catholic trade school. Such schools are costly, tremendously so; they will accommodate less pupils per unit of classroom area than will the academic schools; they will demand trained personnel. Will they not also impose too great a burden on the Catholic people, already seemingly taxed so heavily and doubly? I doubt strongly that the people would fail to respond. If once they were convinced of the terrible need for such trade schools, they would be all too willing to do everything in their power. Yes, there would be a demand for the settling of individual differences. No one parish could be expected to support such a school. Is it beyond all conception that a few parishes should be able to cooperate to bring it into being? The problem of tutelage would be solved; God will send the men and women needed to staff such a school as He has taken care of similar needs in the centuries gone by. Perhaps the Catholic laity will fill this need.

But whatever be the case, God will provide. First we must be courageous enough to take all preliminary steps to provide for those of our young people whose vocation lies in the apostolate of the manual trades. Nor need such students be deprived of all the benefits of a liberal education, for their curriculum will certainly not be limited to knowledge pertaining to their trade alone. Religion, English, history, social studies, geared to helping them understand and appreciate life and other people, will be part of their training.—BROTHER JOEL MATTHEWS, F.M.S.

## Book Reviews

**INTRODUCTION TO THEOLOGY**  
Theology Library, Vol. I  
edited by A. M. Henry, O.P.  
Fides, \$5.95

After reading this book, and then thinking and thinking, and then re-reading the introduction, I'm still not sure I have grasped the idea of the

Theological Library, but I *think* I have.

There are going to be four volumes (six eventually), of which this first is only the introduction; a sort of comprehensive survey of the field. But what field? Not the field of theology as most people think of it. If it were called the field of religious scholarship I would be less puzzled. What this volume actually contains is ten articles or essays on fields of scholarship which contribute to, or reflect, dogma. It deals with the Liturgy, Canon Law, the Ecumenical Councils, Tradition in the Oriental Churches, Holy Scripture, Religious Art, and other things. It even has a nice little several-page discussion on revising the calendar, some interesting sociological reflections, and what I would call "101 Suggestions for Graduate Theses." These last are contained in a kind of list, by A. M. Henry, O.P., of subjects not sufficiently investigated yet; subjects like "The Theme of the 'Breath of God' in the Bible," or "The Prayer Life of the Incas."

Now my idea of an exciting subject for a graduate thesis in theology is something like: "The difficulties occasioned in modern medical research by the neglect of Teleology." I mention this just to point up the difference between what I would naturally expect to flow from a further study of theology and what the editor evidently expects to flow from it.

I would also have expected this volume to be something like a fatherly and encouraging talk about what theology is and how to approach St. Thomas. But the theology I had in mind only comes in for treatment in the last chapter, as the Science of the Faith. And here nobody gets much time. For instance, what did St. Bonaventure write and what of his is available in Latin and in English? I would like to have known and I thought certain I would find out because the rest of the book is full of references to, and bibliographies of, sometimes very obscure works. Anyhow I didn't.

The last chapter introduces the coming next three volumes (their chapter heads are also given elsewhere). Volume II, III and IV will be studies of doctrine, following the order of treatment of St. Thomas, but contemporized, both as to style and content. I can hardly wait to see what they will be like. For one thing, they will be not so simplified as the catechism, and not so difficult as seminary manuals. For another, they will not presuppose any philosophical underpinnings on the part of the reader, leaning instead on "the historical development of doctrines." They will be meant for earnest lay people, for religious who want to go deeper



into doctrine, and (especially) for priests who wish to continue to grow in the subjects of their specialties.

It's a neat trick if they can do it. I remain full of curiosity.

Meanwhile I am glad to have this volume, which I shall use as a sort of encyclopedia of religious sources. It was sometimes very heavy going in the reading; at other times surprisingly light. The chapter on "The Echo of Tradition in Art," deserves some sort of medal as the only treatise on art (to which I am rather insensitive) which has filled me with delight and enlightenment. I am sure it is pure coincidence that it is the only chapter in the book written by a layman.

Shame on the publishers for allowing some gross errors in translation. There is a completely meaningless paragraph on page 44, and on page 189 we are told that the Council of Chalcedon "condemned and defined the existence of two perfect natures in Christ."—CAROL JACKSON

**POVERTY**  
by various authors  
Newman, \$3.75

This is the fourth book to be translated and published in America in the *Religious Sisters* series. As the readers of *Integrity* probably know, this series is the outcome of the yearly conference

on contemporary problems of sisters which is held in France under the leadership of Father Plé, O.P. This particular volume is in every way comparable in merit with the preceding ones and I unhesitatingly recommend it to all religious as well as to lay people who are interested in the evangelical counsels.

The book discusses the development of the evangelical ideal of poverty and its implementation by vow through the ages of the Church. Chapters on the Benedictine practice of poverty, poverty in the mendicant orders, poverty in the Jesuit rule, are followed by discussion of the very contemporary notion of poverty in the rule of the Little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld. This latter chapter is especially appealing; increasingly Charles de Foucauld assumes the position in our age that Francis of Assisi did in his, and this chapter is testimony to the fact that modern adaptation of the traditional ideal of poverty can be made without its losing any of its profundity but, on the contrary, gaining an immediacy and importance in the face of present social and economic conditions.

There is a chapter on the theology of religious poverty, and one on the psychology of the instinct of possession that appears to be unusually valuable.

The last chapters are concerned with a discussion of the practice of poverty in religious congregations today. The chapter on gainful employment for contemplatives is especially interesting. While these chapters apply particularly to the situation in France and may seem irrelevant to America (for instance, there obviously is no need here to tell sisters to get themselves plumbing!) they nevertheless are valuable as illustrating how poverty can be made practical without deviating from the ideal.

—DOROTHY DOHEN

**THE THIRD REVOLUTION**  
by Karl Stern  
Harcourt, Brace, \$4.00

Karl Stern, a psychiatrist and a Catholic deeply imbued with the Judaeo-Christian tradition, has produced a worth-while work dealing

with psychiatry and religion that has the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Ottawa, Canada.

In his easily read style, he presents the thesis that psychiatry and psychoanalysis are part of the ominous Third Revolution, a revolution in which the sciences of man (psychology, psychiatry, sociology, psychoanalysis, etc.) are contributing to the dehumanization of man because of their materialistic, logical positivistic approach. But the second part of his thesis, really what appears to be the crux of the book, is that psychoanalysis is not necessarily an intrinsic part of this Third Revolution, because psychoanalysis contains fundamental ideas that are contrary to the materialistic approach to man and agree with Christian tenets: psychoanalysis has rediscovered the psychophysical unity of the human person, it holds to the Aristotelian notion of finality, it relies on the reality of the allegorical, and in its empathic method, points to the Thomistic notion of knowledge by connaturality and charity. Hence, Dr. Stern concludes that psychoanalysis, divested of the philosophy of its founder (Freud) and that of the Third Revolution to which it has been imbedded, contains precious elements which "point in the direction of a Christian personalism." Perhaps it is this profoundly human quality of psychoanalysis that makes the Marxist avoid it in favor of a psychiatry based on the dehumanized reflex arc theory.

Far from attacking it, Christians can profit from psychoanalysis for it teaches us things that can profit us in the spiritual life, for the psychological and spiritual areas are intertwined in the individual person: by differentiating conscience from super-ego, he distinguishes between true guilt and neurotic guilt; through psychoanalytic therapy the Christian can resolve neurotic guilt and then go on to face his true objective guilt in the light of the gospels. Dr. Stern develops the notion that psychoanalysis works to widen the area of freedom in the moral life. He discusses many aspects of the spiritual life in the light of psychoanalysis. A most fascinating section is his analysis of the sickness of Western man, namely, a neurosis of unbelief because of resistance to the necessary child-like quality.

In all of this that appears so convincing, one finds only a few apparent errors, and these minor ones. For example, there seems to be some confusion about the psychology of the intellect in its relation to the methods of the empirical sciences, and to the psychology of the young child. But these do not detract appreciably from the total positive effect of the book. This is a significant work both for the Christian and the psychoanalyst; for in being one of the earliest book-length works towards truly constructive integration of Christianity and psychiatry, it works for another revolution that will bring the Christian truths of man to psychoanalysis and psychotherapeutic relief to the sick Christian.—ALBERT STEINKIRCHNER, M.D.

**APPROACHES TO GOD**  
by Jacques Maritain  
Harper, \$2.50

World Perspectives, a series which offers short books by eminent contemporary thinkers, presents this distinguished study by Jacques Maritain, *Approaches to God*.

In addition to considering St. Thomas' philosophical proofs for the existence of God, which he does with attention to modern developments in science and contemporary spiritual thinking, M. Maritain dwells on the primordial or intuitive approach to God, man's natural intuitions of existence—of Being-with-nothingness, from which he is spontaneously confronted with the concept of Being-without-nothingness or God.

What this reader found most absorbing is the argument which M. Maritain calls a sixth way—the proof which begins on the pre-philosophic or intuitive level and is finally formulated in rationally elaborated terms—a proof which begins with a flash of realization: "how is it possible that that which is thus in the process of thinking, in the act of intelligence which is immersed in the fire of knowledge and of intellectual grasp of what is, should have been a pure nothing, once did not exist?" The impossibility of such a contradiction leads the mind to only one solution—"I who am thinking have always existed, but not in myself or within the limits of my own personality—and not by an impersonal existence or life either (for without personality there is no thought and there must have been thought there, since it is now in me); therefore I have always existed by a suprapersonal existence or life . . . in a Being of transcendent personality, in whom all that there is of perfection in my thought and in all thought existed in a supereminent manner. . ." The author proceeds to philosophically justify this intuitive experience, rationally demonstrating that the sixth way leads to the existence of God since "the creature . . . which thinks existed before itself eternally in God—not as exercising in Him the act of thinking, but as thought by Him."

In the concluding chapters M. Maritain examines the ways of the practical intellect in approaching God—these, too, being of the existential or pre-philosophic order. They include the approach of poetic experience—an awareness of true beauty should incline us toward a knowledge of the Beautiful, God. (In the discussion M. Maritain makes an interesting comparison between the poetic and mystical experience—"Poetic experience is from the beginning orientated toward expression and terminates in an uttered word; mystical experience tends toward silence and terminates in an immanent fruition of the absolute.") The approach to God through moral experience and related to this, the approach based on testimony and example, are also briefly considered.

The author concludes with a discussion of the natural desire in man to see the First Cause, "the very God who will be intuitively grasped when faith gives way to Vision."

A short book, one to be read slowly, digested meditatively, this work is a noteworthy contribution to contemporary thinking.

—DOROTHY LA BARBERA

This is the second in a series of yearbooks whose purpose is to make available the

best in contemporary writing—in biology, psychology, history, biblical study, theology and philosophy—from English and European journals, and like the first volume it is a book to make its readers sit up and think hard. Not all the contributors are Catholic but all their essays are on themes with which Catholics would do well to be better acquainted. For it would seem that an implicit intention of this series is to stab a few holes in the muffler of insularity that so many within the Church wear to wrap themselves off from the bold blasts outside.

As they did for its predecessor, the editors of *Selection II* started simply by collecting articles which impressed them by their interest and merit. Later they were struck by the unity of material which seemed to shape up into a pattern. They have called it "the emergence of symbol." It is really the *re-emergence* of symbols, "the world of myth, of spiritual values and eternal significance" which we need to set over against, let absorb into itself the other world, so dominant now, "of formulae, . . . where things are measured, counted, mastered by analytic thought." We must, the editors say, "be able to ask the fundamental questions; the questions to which answers can be given only in symbols." For as one of the contributors has written elsewhere:

"unless he ask the question  
                                   how shall the rivers run  
 or the suitors persuade their loves  
 or the erosion of the land cease?"

The questions these writers have asked, and the answers they have given—sometimes tentatively, always humbly—range widely through areas of human knowledge and experience. The essays begin with one on "The Holy Spirit in the Scriptures," the primary symbol, the "pure myth" which releases the life-giving waters. They move on to such far-flung topics as "Russia's Byzantine Heritage," "The 'Negative' Element in St. Thomas" (by Joseph Pieper) and "Luther's Struggle." Along the way there are disappointments: David Jones' "Wales and the Crown" seems rather remote for American readers; "A Theology of Clothes" falls far short of its fascinating title. But the general quality is high, if demanding, and there are at least two contributions that are most satisfying to come upon. One is called "The Problem of Primitive Monotheism," by Herbert Kuhn, which sets forth the growing evidence that earliest man believed in one God and that polytheism was a later and corrupt development. The second, by Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, is entitled "Love in Freudian Psychoanalysis." Here Dr. Zilboorg rescues Freud from those who would condemn him out of hand, by sifting his scientific findings from his moral or quasi-theological pronouncements, and by demonstrating that the man who when asked for a definition of the ideally normal person answered that it was a person whose life consisted in love and work was



not the deterministic monster he has been made out. The essay seems to me another plank in the structure of reconciliation between faith and psychiatry upon which such men as Karl Stern and Father Victor White have labored. We should be grateful for having it brought to our attention, as grateful as we should be for most of the items in *Selection II* sample-case.—RICHARD GILMAN

### THE MEANING OF HOLINESS

by Louis Lavelle

Pantheon, \$2.75

"There are saints among us," the book begins. Another one of those books about why it is a good thing to be a saint? It's b

a philosophy teacher, too. He was even successor to Henri Bergson at the Collège de France.

A philosopher, he doesn't talk like one. He talks with the wonder of a child, simple and enthusiastic, with the immediacy of a reporter just back from a three-alarm fire, with the conciseness of a radio announcer on a fifteen-minute program.

The introductory chapter is a profound but simply presented analysis of the essence of a saint's being. Space does not permit even a short presentation of the book's arguments. But I cannot resist mentioning that in the process of development there is a fascinating discussion of the role of memory in spiritualizing material events of the past and in bringing the dead (saints or otherwise) into even more real contact with the living than was achieved in "real" life.

The bulk of the book (not that it is very bulky, 113 pages) is devoted to the spirituality of four typical and unique saints. That is not to say that every saint is not unique. He is as different from his co-saints as are his eyes and his nose. But one "can distinguish different types of disposition" and M. Lavelle has chosen to present to us four "families or schools of thought." The first saint is chosen because here is "spirituality . . . in almost its purest form." This is St. Francis of Assisi whose special distinction is that for him "this world is a symbol or witness to a world beyond." M. Lavelle gives such a penetrating and sympathetic analysis that one suspects that here is the author's own "family or school of thought." St. John of the Cross' soul, "which has ceased to take any interest in the things of sense, and which, even in the relation it has with truth, observes a high degree of fastidiousness," gets such reverence and apology that one decides that very few dare to belong to *his* "family." The study of St. Teresa, uniter *par excellence* of contemplation and action, is delightful. M. Lavelle treats with courtly chivalry the distinctive role of women in bringing the spiritual world down to earth and keeping it there. His choice of St. Francis de Sales to complete his study because "of all saints none seems closer to the world and therefore nearer to us" may have been based on rhetorical grounds. It is very sensible to try to end the book with a study of the "core of the whole doctrine of love . . . the relation that is established between will and love." But one is aware for the first time of an effort to wax eloquent, to sell the thesis from the rostrum.

The advertising blurb (on the jacket) states that M. Lavelle's spiritual writings have an actuality often lacking in books on sanctity. The reason for this may be found not only in his passion for his subject but in a rather special gift he shows himself endowed with here, that of being able to identify himself with the personality or point of view he is analyzing. This is so highly developed that one is tempted to wonder whether when he is writing on St. Francis de Sales he does not simply through over-identification fall into the same tendency to become "long-winded and petitious" as the writer of the *Treatise on the Love of God*.

This sensitivity radically influences his style and tone from chapter to chapter. It gives to the reading an emotional cogency one would expect from the work of a novelist or poet, so that our intellectual understanding of his thesis is moved to an experiential understanding wherein we identify ourselves with the author's eagerness for his subject.

—NELL SONNEMANN

#### SCHOOL OF DARKNESS

by Bella Dodd  
Kenedy, \$4.00

Disease does not only strike a tired body. It attacks dilapidated nerves; lack of moral or mental stamina may be the open door by which T.B. or Polio can

take their way.

Such is Communism: underfed bodies, economic pressure may be its hosts. But in prosperous countries it may be other things. Loneliness, separation from God, the need for roots and the sense of not belonging may be excellent vehicles for its dissemination. This is a point very forcibly brought out by Bella Dodd. Her book is warm and human, the story told in a vivid manner and interest never flags.

It starts with the despair of a child of six torn from southern Italy and from her beloved foster-parents. It ends with the hurt bewilderment of a faithful Communist of twenty years standing, thrown out of the Party for a nominal offense, and of her taking refuge in the faith that ought to have been hers from the start.

We follow this ambitious young intellectual up the rungs of the ladder. Disappointed with lukewarm Catholics and with an ineffectual New Woman Club, she turns toward the liberals on the campus; they grow darker and pinker as she progresses onward. Her compassion for the underprivileged is at first rewarded fully. A teacher at Hunter College, she will see, after the recognition of U.S.S.R., the organization of an educational pressure group with Communists in control. She will know that despite the emotional appeal of anti-fascist propaganda, the same forces in the international movement will have given Hitler and Stalin their start. She will quit teaching to devote herself to the interests of the Teachers' Association. Up to this time she will have considered Communism as a philosophy of life; her experience will have been with minor Communists, often devoted and warmhearted. But the recognition of U.S.S.R. will force issues. With the rise of the Party will come that of Bella Dodd and the sense of power will replace the primitive idealism. She who had

joined out of love of her fellow men will come to hate all who do not agree with her views of the moment. Up and up she soars to these levels where illusion is no more possible and the ruthlessness of leaders like Earl Browder and Mother Bloor will be apparent to her. Her story of Browder's downfall and dismissal is chilling and inhuman. Leaders will show their ignorance and cowardice and behave like so many sheep.

Then her own turn will come and she will be given no quarter. Here she meets with a Catholic friend and is introduced to Bishop Fulton Sheen. He will bring the book to an end. She will experience anguish at having to betray her former associates, the little people who always pay, when she testifies in Washington.

If she is less convincing about the reason why she comes back than about why she was led astray, this spiritual undressing is a difficult business and the whole truth is never told because the workings of the Holy Ghost are mysterious even to the beneficiary.

The thoughtful Catholic reader will beat his own breast and that of his coreligionists for all the sins of omission that made this kind of story not only possible but nearly inevitable.—ANNE TAILLEFER

**CATHOLIC LITURGY**  
by Gaspar Lefebvre, O.S.B.  
B. Herder, \$3.50

The unhealthy fog of prejudice that pervades some minds at the mere mention of the word "liturgy" might easily be dispelled by the warmth and light that

radiates from the pages of this book. It proves that in the official prayers of the Church the soul matures in knowledge and in virtue, and that it may reach a high degree of union with God.

After demonstrating that a knowledge of the dogmas of faith acquired through the liturgy, the author shows the advantage of learning them at that source. For the liturgy has not only the content of beliefs needed for Christian living, but it is at the same time a method of deepening the knowledge of that content through its appeal to the senses, to the imagination and to the emotions.

The official prayer of the Church is shown to have all the advantages claimed for the various methods of mental prayer. Souls steeped in the spirit and prayers of the feasts and fasts and vigils will find themselves carried, the author says, "in the course of the year, through the exercises of what spiritual writers call the purgative life (Advent and Lent), the illuminative, and the unitive life (Christmas and Easter)."

Thus in its gifts of knowledge and of prayer together with its manner of giving these gifts the liturgy fulfills the deepest needs of the human soul. In quite convincing chapters, Dom Lefebvre shows that the solution of the social problem and the success of Catholic Action are also bound up with liturgical living. Lest there be skeptics who do not believe that it has all these advantages, he ends almost all chapters by reminding them of the words of no less an authority than St. Pius X that the liturgy "is the primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit."

—SISTER M. DULCIDA, S.S.N.I.



**SUMMA OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE, Vol. I**  
by Louis of Granada, O.P.  
Herder, \$4.00

We are increasingly indebted to the B. Herder Co. for this fine series of Do-

minican writings, made available under the general title of Cross and Crown Series of Spirituality. The third in this series is both easy to read and full of spiritual truth. It was written by Fray Luis de Granada, one of the little-known (to the general public, at least) but finest spiritual writers of an age which saw the shining sanctity of St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa of Avila. The value of this first volume of Fray Luis' work (to be published in three volumes) is further enhanced by a long general introduction by the Spanish Dominican, Alvaro Huerga. This should be carefully read, for it is not only a loving introduction to the author, but a fascinating picture of Catholic life in Spain in his day. It will shed new light for most of us on the context which produced the two great Spanish saints. In itself, this introduction would make an important contribution to Catholic literature.

Fray Luis emerges in these pages as a very holy, very humble Dominican of immense learning, whose writings, at once simple and profound, had far-reaching influence in Europe and throughout the world, both in his own time, and long after. So simple indeed is Fray Luis' writing that he was accused by his contemporaries of "writing for washerwomen," yet, as the translator remarks, it is "he who brought the Spanish language to its classical perfection" and his works have been translated into all languages, and "read by princes and kings, saints and literary figures, pontiffs and the ordinary laity, Protestants and pagans."

The chapters of this *Summa* have been arranged in the order of the questions of the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas; this volume deals with the existence of God, the Trinity, creation, and the wonders of the universe. It serves the dual purpose of enriching the spiritual life and acquainting the reader with the theological doctrine of the Angelic Doctor.

If there is one small criticism of this valuable book, it is that perhaps the title, *Summa of the Christian Life*, may be a trifle intimidating, as one is likely to think that anything called the *Summa* must necessarily be difficult. But it would be a thousand pities if one were to let the title prevent one from exploring the work of Fray Luis de Granada. Now, as when he wrote, his book can be read by "washerwomen," as well as by great intellectuals or saints, and each can find in it a new understanding of the love of God.—JANET KNIGHT

**A NEW TESTAMENT COMMENTARY—II**  
by Ronald Knox  
Sheed & Ward, \$3.75

This is a companion volume to Monsignor Knox's previous commentary on the

Gospels, and is meant to be read in conjunction with the Knox New Testament. This second volume of commentary covers the Acts of the Apostles and the fourteen epistles of St. Paul. Covering so much in so



little space, the commentary must of necessity be very selective and brief. From one point of view this is a definite asset; from another, the very brevity of comment, coupled with the need to have a copy of the author's New Testament text on hand, greatly lessens its utility. The prose is in the usual bright Knoxian manner, and difficulties are at times airily summoned up and as airily dispatched; at others, they are passed over completely. While gladly conceding that Monsignor Knox has been busy lighting biblical candles to illuminate the prevailing biblical darkness in the English language, the present reviewer feels that this particular candle sputters too much and at times casts only a dubious light.—R. T. M.

## Book Notes

Volume IV of *Cross Currents*, (\$5.50, Cross Currents, 3111 Broadway N. Y. 27) is now available in book form. *Cross Currents*, as our readers may know, is a quarterly edited by Catholic laymen which seeks to make available, by reprinting or translation, articles of high intellectual calibre. Most of the articles are from French reviews not readily available to the thoughtful American reader. A few of the selections in the present volume may be familiar, notably Josef Pieper's *On the "Negative" Elements in the Philosophy of Thomas Aquinas* which appears in *Selection II*, and Pere Plé's *St. Thomas and the Psychology of Freud*, a highly perceptive study which readers of *Blackfriars* will have already seen. The articles are as varied as Franz Kafka's *Letter to His Father* and Jacques Leclercq's *Holiness and the Temporal*—the latter being a rather disarming and thoroughly interesting discussion of the problem of personal sanctity as it appears in a social context. It is, incidentally, one of the best analyses of the priest-worker problem that has been written—only rivalled by Friedrich Heer's *The Priest-Workers in France*, also in this volume. Each number of the volume has an editorial in which the *Cross Currents'* editors strive to explain the idea of their quarterly. Those who have followed the intellectual-simplist war of Fr. Gillis in the diocesan press will be especially interested in the introductory editorial of this volume.

—DOROTHY DOHEN

The *Outline History of the Church by Centuries* by Fr. Joseph McSorley (Herder, 9th edn., \$9.00) is a handbook of great aid to students. For each century the author gives the political background by countries and the important developments in the activity of the Church—the papacy, Church-state problems, heresies, missionary activity, and Catholic life, worship, discipline and doctrine. The outline form is convenient for study; especially helpful are the brief biographies of leading personalities of each age. Students of ecclesiastical and medieval history owe Fr. McSorley a "thank you."—H. F.

*Fatima Hope of the World*, by Fr. Joseph A. Pelletier (Washington Press, \$3.00), a sequel to *The Sun Danced at Fatima*, though summarizing the events covered by the first book, is essentially the story of what has happened since the 1917 apparitions.—E. M.

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